A CABINET OF CHOICE JEWELS:

OR, THE

Christian's Joy and Gladness,

Set forth in sundry pleasant New

Christmas Carrols:

Very Material for the most Remarkable Days betwixt *Christmas* and *Easter*.

Very Pleasant for those Times and Seasons.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Gilt-spur-street*.

A Cabinet of Choice Jewels:

OR,

The Chriſtians Joy and Gladneſs.

A Carrol for *Chriſtmas-day.*

Tune of The Pious Chriſtians Exhortation.

LET Chriſtians now with joyful Mirth,
both young and old, yea great and ſmall,
Still think upon our Saviour's Birth,
who brought Salvation to us all.

And thus the Lord his Son did ſend,
whom cruel Jews did hold in ſcorn,
No Pompous Train did there attend,
this KING of Kings, when he was born.

No Palace, but an Oxe's Stall,
the Place of his Nativity;
Methinks this might inſtruct us all,
to learn of him Humility.

The great Redeemer of Mankind,
was born the Five and twentieth Day
Of *December*; then let us mind
his bleſſed Power to obey.

'Twas in the City of *David* then,
as Holy Scripture makes appear,
And in the time of Taxing, when
they came all round from far and near.

The Virgin *Mary* then by Name,
and *Joſeph* moſt exceeding kind,
When they unto the City came,
no Habitation could they find,

But in an Oxe's Stall, where they
continued while this bleſſed Morn;
Let us rejoice and keep this Day,
whereon the Lord of Life was Born.

Upon this Day let none be found
to practice any idle Game,
And though thy Mirth do much abound,
yet let it not be ſo profane.

But

But let all Godly Mirth ſtill be
your chiefeſt ſolace and delight,
Since he was born to ſet us free,
who now remains in Glory bright.

Relieve your Neighbours that are poor,
you are commanded ſo to do,
Out of the plenty of your Store,
that they may all rejoice with you.

Thus in your Mirth with one accord,
ſee that you do all Evil ſhun,
And ſing your Praiſes to the Lord,
for ſending his beloved Son,

He that deſcended from above,
who freely for our Sins has dy'd,
Make him the Pattern of our Love,
ſo may our Joys be ſanctify'd.

You that have heard theſe Lines, I pray
let all your Hearts be ſo inclin'd,
To give due honour to this Day,
which brought Salvation to Mankind.

A ſecond Carrol for *Chriſtmas-day*.

Tune of *Over Hills and high Mountains.*

NOw when *Joſeph* and *Mary*
was to *Bethelem* bound,
They with Travel was weary,
yet no Lodging was found
In the City of *David*,
tho' they ſought it o'er all,
They alas! could not have it,
but in an Oxe's Stall.

Tho' this Place was no Braver,
but as mean as might be,
Our Redeemer and Saviour,
the great King of Glory,
Then a ſweet Babe of Heaven,
he was born there we find,
Whoſe ſweet Life was once given
for the Sins of Mankind.

Whilſt the Shepherds was feeding
of their Flocks in the Field,
Then the Birth of our Saviour
unto them was reveal'd:

Many

Many Angels assembled,
in their Glory appear ;
Whilst the Shepherds did tremble,
being smitten with fear.

O forbear to be fearful,
you have reason to Sing ;
Then rejoyce and be chearful,
we glad Tydings do bring :
There is born in the City
of *David* therefore,
Such a Saviour of Pity
whom we do adore.

He's the Prince of Salvation,
then be not afraid,
And with this Salutation,
to the Shepherds they said,
Be no longer a Stranger,
for in Swadling-Cloaths
He's laid in a Manger :
then the Shepherds arose.

Being resolved together,
they to *Bethelem* go,
Aye, and when they came thither,
then they found it was so :
They in Duty adore him,
coming where he was laid,

Streight they fall down before him,
this Obedience they made.

Nay, the Wiſe Men, whoſe Prudence
had diſcover'd this Star,
Came to pay their Obedience,
and they travell'd from far;
Bringing with them the choiceſt
what their Country afford,
Of Gold, Myrrh, and Spices,
to preſent to the Lord.

Their Examples engages
ev'ry Chriſtian to be
Ever ſince in all Ages,
both noble and free:
Then rejoice and be merry,
in a moderate way,
Never, never, be weary
to honour this Day:

Which afforded a Bleſſing
to the Race of Mankind,
Far beyond all expreſſing,
if the Sequal you mind.
While on Earth he was dwelling,
he was ſtill doing good;
Nay, his Love more excelling,
for he ſhed his own Blood

o Redeem us, and Save us
from the guilt of our Sin;
r his love he would have us
a new Life to begin:
nd remember the Seaſon,
be kind to the poor,
is no more than reaſon,
there is Bleſſings in ſtore, &c.

A Carrol for Chriſtmas-Day *at Night.*

Tune of *My Life and my Death.*

MY Maſter, your Servants,
and Neighbours this Night,
come to be Merry
ith Love and Delight;
v therefore be Noble,
nd let it appear,
t *Chriſtmas* is ſtill
e beſt time of the Year.

To

To ſit by the Fire,
rehearſe an old Tale,
And taſt of a Bumper
of Nappy old Ale.

It flows from the Barley,
that Fruit of the Earth,
VVhich quickens the Fancy,
for Paſtime and Mirth:
And therefore be Jolly,
now each bonny Lad,
For we have no reaſon
at all to be ſad:
Remember the Seaſon,
and then you'll ne'er fail,
To bring in a Bumper
of Nappy brown Ale.

Now ſome of your Dainties
let us freely taſt,
My ſtomach is ready,
I am now in haſt:
And therefore ſweet Miſtriſs,
I hope you'll be brief,
To bring out the Sirloin,
or Ribs of Roaſt Beef:
VVith other choice Dainties,
I hope you'll not fail,

this happy Seaſon,
with Nappy brown Ale.

nd now let me tell you
what Dainties I prize,
long to be doing
with curious minc'd Pyes,
Where Plums in abundance,
lies crowding for room;
I come but near it,
I'll tell it its Doom:
l ſoon part the quarrel;
but hold, lets not fail
o think of a Bumper
of Nappy old Ale.

he *Pig*, *Gooſe* and *Capon*,
I'd like to forgot,
ut yet I do hope they'll
come all to my lot;
We'll lay a cloſe Siege
to the Walls of the *Gooſe*,
nd ſtorm her ſtrong Caſtle,
there is no excuſe
hall hinder our fray;
therefore let's not fail
o have a full Bumper
of Nappy old Ale.

All thoſe that are willing
to honour this Day
I hope that they never
may fall to decay;
But always be able
their Neighbours to give,
And keep a good Table
as long as they live;
That Love, Peace and Plenty,
with them may ne'er fail,
And we may ne'er miſs
of good Nappy old Ale.

A Carrol for S. Stephen's *Day.*

Tune of *O cruel Bloody Fate!*

SAint *Stephen* did endure
the bitter pains of Death,
His Faith did him aſſure,
though he reſign'd his Breath,
That he ſhould enter into Joy;
he was a Martyr mild:
And though they did his Life deſtroy,
he never once revil'd.

A Carrol for S. John's *Day.*

Tune of *Young Man's Legacy.*

BEloved *John*, who once did lean
upon our Bleſſed Saviour's Breaſt;
By him ſome glorious thing was ſeen,
and likewiſe he, among the reſt,
Did write our bleſſed Saviour's Word,
which doth remain among us ſtill;
His Laws we have upon Record,
O! that we might obey his Will.

A Carrol for Innocents *Day.*

Tune of *Bloody Fate.*

REmember *Herod*'s Rage,
who ſlew thoſe Infants dear,
There's nothing could aſſwage
his Wrath, which was ſevere;

But

But ſhedding of thoſe Infants blood,
to end his hateful Striſe,
That he thereby might cauſe to die
the Bleſſed Lord of Life.

An Angel in the Night
warn'd *Joſeph* in a Dream,
To take a ſpeedy flight,
ſince *Herod*'s vaſt extream
Of hateful Cruelty was ſuch
to ſeek the Infant's Life,
Take *Mary* mild, and her ſweet Child,
avoid this hateful ſtriſe.

A Carrol for *New-Years-Day*

Tune of *Caper and Firk it.*

THE young Men and Maidens on *New-Years-Day*,
their Loves they will preſent
With many a Gift both fine and gay,
which gives them true Content:
And though the Gift be great or ſmall,
yet this is the Cuſtom ſtill,

Ex-

Expreſſing their Loves in Ribbons and Gloves,
it being their kind good Will.

Young Batchelors will not ſpare their coin,
but thus their love is ſhown,
Young *Richard* will buy a Bodkin fine,
and give it honeſt *Joan.*
There's *Nancy* and *Sue*, with honeſt *Prue*,
young Damſels both fair and gay,
Will give to the Men choice Preſents agen,
for the honour of New-years day.

Fine Ruffles, Cravats, of curious Lace,
Maids give them fine and neat;
For this the Young-men will them embrace,
with tender Kiſſes ſweet,
And give them many pleaſant Toys,
to deck them fine and gay,
As Bodkins and Rings, with many fine things
for the honour of New-years-day.

It being the Firſt day of the Year,
to make the Old amends,
All thoſe that have it, will dreſs good chear,
inviting of all their Friends,
To drink great *ANNA*'s Royal Health,
as very well Subjects may,
With many Healths more, which here are in ſtore,
for the honour of New-years day.

A Carrol for *Twelfth-Day.*

Tune of O Mother, Roger.

SWeet Maſter of this Habitation,
with my Miſtreſs, be ſo kind
As to grant an Invitation,
if we may this favour find,
To be now invited in,
Then in Mirth we will begin
Many ſweet and pleaſant Song,
Which doth to this time belong;
Let e'ery loyal honeſt Soul
Contribute to the Waſſel-Bowl.

So may you ſtill enjoy the Bleſſing
of a loving vertuous Wife,
Riches, Honour ſtill poſſeſſing,
with a long and happy Life,
Living in proſperity,
Then let Generoſity
Always be maintain'd, I pray,
Don't forget the good old way:
Let e'ery loyal honeſt Soul
Contribute to the Waſſel-Bowl.

Before

Before this Seaſon is departed,
in your preſence we appear,
Therefore ſoon be noble hearted,
to afford ſome dainty Chear:
Freely let us have it now,
Since the Seaſon doth allow
VVhat the Houſe doth now afford,
Should be plac'd upon the Board,
Whether it be Roaſt-Beef or Fowl,
And Liquor well the Waſſel-Bowl.

For now it is a time of leiſure,
then to thoſe that kindneſs ſhow,
May they have wealth, peace and pleaſure,
and the Spring of Bounty flow,
To enrich them while they live,
That they may afford to give
To maintain the good Old VVay,
Many long and happy Day,
Let ev'ry loyal honeſt Soul
Contribute to our Waſſel-Bowl.

You worthy are to be commended,
if in this you will not fail,
Now our Song is almoſt ended,
fill our Bowl with Nappy Ale;
Then we'll drink a full Carouſe,
To the Maſter of the Houſe,

Aye, and to our Miſtreſs dear,
VViſhing both a happy Year,
In Peace and Love without controul,
Who brought Joy to our Waſſel-Bowl.

A Carrol for *Candlemas-Day.*

Tune of Buſie Fame.

NOW *Candlemas* is come at laſt,
therefore my deareſt Friend,
Since *Chriſtmas* time is almoſt paſt,
I mean to make an end
Of this our mirth and merriment,
and now the truth to tell,
He muſt be from our preſence ſent,
O *Chriſtmas* will now farewel.

Now *Chriſtmas* will no longer ſtay,
my very heart doth grieve,
Before from us he takes his way,
of him I'll take my leave:
It is a time none of the leaſt,
as I the truth may tell:

For

For him we'll make a worthy Feaſt,
then Chriſtmas *now farewell.*

I do declare, as I am true,
I'll love him while I die,
I'll call my Friends and Neighbours too,
to keep him Company:
With Nappy Ale and dainty Chear,
our grief we will expel;
And *Chriſtmas*, while another year,
we'll bid thee now farewell.

To make our Joys the more compleat,
we court the charming Bowl,
In merriment and Muſick ſweet,
let e'ery Loyal Soul
Drink off his Glaſs, and let it paſs,
in Mirth we will excell,
In ſweet delight we'll ſpend the night,
then Chriſtmas *now farewell.*

With Nappy Ale, both brown and ſtale,
we'll fill our Bumpers full,
And Pippins too, as I am true,
they make the beſt Lambs-Wool:
So faſt and ſmooth it will go down,
they ſorrow do expel,
And then at laſt, when all is paſt,
Chriſtmas *we'll bid farewell.*

A Car-

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they ſorrow do expel,
And then at laſt, when all is paſt,
Chriſtmas *we'll bid farewell.*

A Car-

A Carrol for *Valentine's Day.*

Tune of Joy to the Bridegroom.

YOung Men and Maids I pray attend,
And liſten here to what is penn'd;
VVhereby I do you all adviſe
This morning when you do ariſe,
To dreſs your ſelf both neat and fine,
To chuſe your loving Valentine.

For be ſhe black, or brown, or fair,
If charming Love doth thee enſnare,
'Twill make you to your Duty bow,
And Reaſon doth the ſame allow,
That it ſhould be your full deſign,
To riſe and chuſe your Valentine.

Preſenting them with Gloves and Rings,
VVith Ribbons, Laces, ſuch like things,
Attended with a loving Kiſs,
In Token of a true Love's Bliſs,
In which their hearts do ſo incline
For to adore their Valentine.

A SONG

A SONG for EASTER.

Tune of *The Wandring Jews Chronicle.*

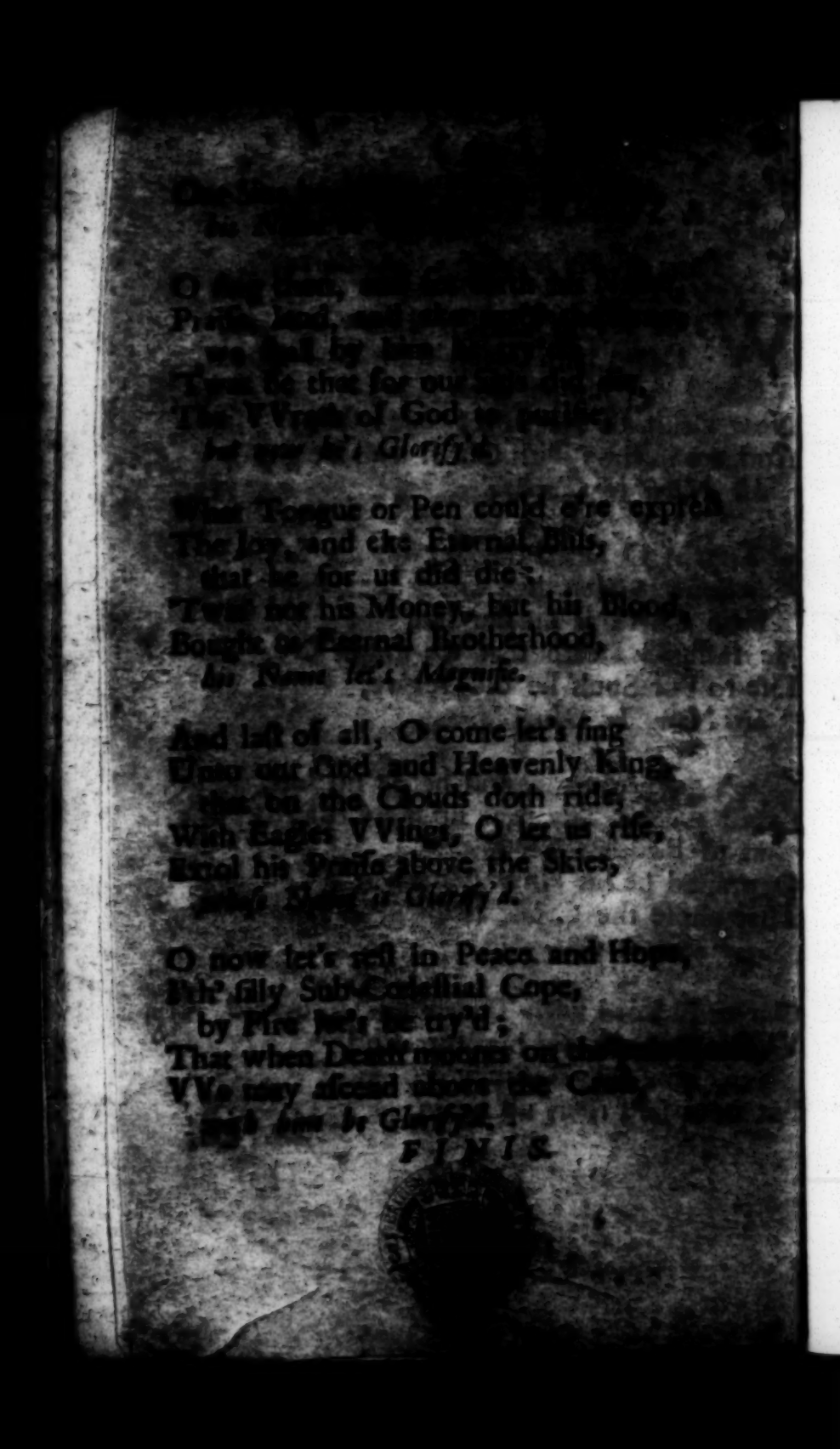
WHat joy to Chriſtians now is come,
Death hath receiv'd his final Doom,
Chriſt in triumph doth ride;
Now Death by Death is ſweerly ſlain,
And we in time with Chriſt ſhall Reign,
his Name be Glorify'd.

O Death, O Death, VVhere is thy Sting?
Our Souls to Hell thou can'ſt not bring,
ſince Chriſt is on our ſide:
He ſuffered Death that we might live,
Life to our Souls he did regive,
his Name be Glorify'd.

Here's gain enough, and here's no loſs,
Chriſt for our ſake took up the Croſs,
us to Redeem he dy'd:
O praiſed be his Holy Name,
That choſe the Croſs, deſpis'd the ſhame,
and now is Glorify'd.

Our only Lord with Thorns was Crown'd,
VVhile Enemies did him ſurround,
yea, him they Crucify'd;
But now he's riſen up again,

Our



Mysteriously perfect
Bernard Quentin Potts
Hart Pruitt
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